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The Haunted House



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Chapter 1 by Emily_Nicoleia_H

First of all, thank you all for reading my story, It's my first.

"Hazel and Jessica, please get down here!" Stephanie yelled from downstairs. Stephanie was our bigger sister. I'm Hazel, and my little sister is Jessica. We went downstairs to see what she wanted and we forgot it was a school day, so she said "I really hope you know what you are doing Hazel." "You need to remember things such as, babysitting Cassie." "You missed her yesterday". Cassie was 5 a year old, and I had to babysit her. I don't understand why Stephanie can't. Well, I didn't have to but I don't want to. I forgot to make the appointment. "Sorry" I said. "I don't really remember things that good anymore.". I am only 13. I was trying to do a singing competition with my friend on the bus and we hit a very hard bump. So I was going to try to be funny and I jumped out of the seat when that happened. So I got amnesia. I was in a coma for 1 month. "Go get ready for school. And I didn't hear your alarm go off, so I suppose you forgot it was a school day?" she asked me. "Yep!" I answered. I ran went upstairs and went into my room. I seen that a picture of my Mom and Dad fell on the floor. I or Jessica didn't touch it. They died 3 months ago. I picked them up and put them in my drawer. I went into the bathroom to brush my hair, and I found dry blood on the floor. "What?" I asked myself. I got a piece of toilet paper and tried to wipe it up. It wouldn't come off. "Stephanie!" I yelled. She came upstairs. "Where are you?" she asked. "In here!" I replied anxiously. "I am NOT going in there while you are using the bathroom!" she said. "There is dry blood and NO I am not using the bathroom!" I yelled. She finally came into the room. "What did you do?!?" she asked very loudly. Jessica came in saying "

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Chapter 2 by intellikat



First of all, you're welcome.

Anyways, while we were out there we would see shadows out of the corner of our eyes and what sounded like footsteps either walking by us or a few feet away around some of the grave stones. Every time we heard something we would stop and take a few pictures and stop and ask questions to see if we would get a response. Later that night when we got back to his house to go over some of the pics and the voice recorders we couldn't believe what we found. We found a few pictures with orbs and a few voices on the voice recorders that were direct responses to some of the questions we were asking. But the thing that we have captured and still nothing beats it after is a picture of a transparent face hovering above one of the grave stones.

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